

VICTIM IMPACT STATEMENT

Victim: Daniel Levin

USAO Number: 2019R00583

Court Docket Number: 20-CR-00110

Insert the impact of the crime here (or, if a separate victim impact form is attached, please use that form to describe the impact of the crime):

My name is Daniel. I'm a writer and a teacher. When I was 19 years old, I met my friend Talia's dad, the man who was introduced to me as Lawrence Ray.

What that man went on to do to me and my friends, there isn't language for. And because there was no language for what happened to me, the years that followed were characterized by a deep well of silence. I've never had a way to explain what he did to me and because of that, I've had no way to explain what it made me into. I'm going to try now.

Inside of this courtroom, all sorts of people from law enforcement agents to lawyers and judges to the folks sitting on the jury were all subjected to watching some of the most heinous acts ever committed to video. None of those people will ever again get to live a life in which they haven't seen those images. None of them will ever get to live again in a world where such horrible things seem impossible.

Imagine not just seeing those videos but living those experiences.

Imagine living in a world where what you think doesn't matter. What you believe doesn't matter. You can't go outside. You can't go to the bathroom. You can't stand up from where you're sitting. You've learned that the second you move without asking, you might do something that warrants punishment. And maybe the way you ask will be wrong anyway, so you'll be punished for that. Eventually, you learn that you don't have to move or speak at all—you can just think the wrong thing. You'll be caught out and tortured for it.

I will for the rest of my life be on the ground, the kitchen tile digging into my knees, sobbing while Lawrence Ray brandishes a knife over me, asking Isabella to go line the bathtub with plastic to catch my blood and the pieces of my body he's about to cut off.

I will never truly be able to stand up from the living room carpet while Lawrence Ray forces me to choke down Isabella's dildo, asking me if I still think I'm gay.

I am, right now, standing in front of my friends while Lawrence Ray holds a garrote around my testicles, twisting it tighter and tighter, trying to get me to confess to something I never did.

There will not be a single day I don't live inside the impact of Larry Ray's sledgehammer hitting my ribs as he pulls my tongue with pliers.

Lawrence Ray made me disbelieve myself. So, when I thought that something hurt, when something felt wrong, when I felt scared, he said none of that was true, that I didn't understand myself as well as he understood me. Which is to say, he knew better than I did whether he should be allowed to continue putting his hands on me.

For the rest of my life, I will struggle with doubting what I believe, what I think, what I feel. All my joy will be tinged with pain. All my ambition will be tinged with shame. All my hope will be tinged with fear.

Outside of this room, people will grasp at words and phrases to describe what happened to me and my friends. They'll call it a sex cult. But if I learned one thing from my experience with Larry Ray, it's that language can be used to obfuscate. Language can be used to dumb down, to confuse, to flatten out, and to replace the hard reality of what is actually happening right in front of you.

Some will call me or my friends stupid or weak or naïve because of what Larry did to us. I challenge you to look directly at the reality instead. Look at all of us: intelligent, capable young people full of promise and hope and possibility. People just like you at 18, 19, 20 years old.

What happened here was not because of a set of circumstances or the vulnerability of a group of young people. What happened was because of one man. A man who would beat and rape and torture and berate me and my friends and call it "helping," call it "healing," and would call our fear and our pain, "resistance to progress," would call it "weakness leaving the body."

Lawrence Ray is a man who is not so special, really. He is, unfortunately, not unlike many, many others. This is a petty man who seeks power. We know men like this. To control people with less authority than them, to feel strong and big, confirms his existence. A petty man. A small man. A man who, because he could not stand what was broken inside of him, convinced me and my friends that our brokenness, our sadness, our fears, our vulnerabilities, our angst, that all of these were freakish, dire problems. Problems only he could solve. In front of you is a man who claims to value logic, but whose version of the facts is an incoherent house of cards. A man who claims to value truth and honor, but who feigns illness and weakness in order to garner your sympathy. A hypocrite. A liar. An abuser, like any other.

Larry would often say, "Truth wins." Okay. So, what is the plain truth? Lawrence Ray tortured me and my friends verbally, physically, emotionally, and sexually. That is a fact, as is the fact that there is simply no situation, absolutely no circumstance, in which treating or touching another person in the way Lawrence Ray routinely did is ever acceptable.

I would like to hear Lawrence Ray say that he's sorry for what he's done and mean it, but I know he never will. In front of you is a man who shows no remorse for his actions, who, unless he thought there were some utility in tricking you into believing otherwise, would tell you himself that he does not think he did a single thing wrong. A remorseless man. A shameless man.

From my experience, I am confident that he will spend every day in prison plotting how to hurt the people he believes wrongfully hurt him—the very victims who are speaking against him today. This is precisely what he did the last time he was incarcerated, and he will do it again. He has given us no reason to believe otherwise. I am confident he will attempt to find ways to hurt me from confinement. I believe with little doubt that because of what I am saying now, because I am refusing

to continue to live in silence as I did for years, the moment Lawrence Ray is released from prison is the moment my death warrant will have been signed.

I will live the rest of my life with what he did to me. It's true. The throbbing pain may lessen and grow, but I can never live a life where this didn't happen at all. I can never live in a world that didn't allow this to happen. Lawrence Ray did steal my youth from me. He irrevocably harmed me and my friends. And given the opportunity, he would do it again, and if he could, he would find a way to do it worse.

That being said, this morning, I opened my front door and I stepped outside. Because I can. I went for a walk. I talked to a friend about whatever I wanted. Because I can. I get this inconceivable, beautiful privilege: I get to live. Really live. I've experienced love and wonder, devastating sadness, and overwhelming joy at the kindness of other people. Because of my trauma, I'm more able to understand and empathize with the countless other people in this world who've been subjected to harm by men who are similar to Lawrence Ray: small, petty men.

Tonight, I can go back home, I can walk through the door and, if I like, I can lock it behind me, because I have the key. That's a right Lawrence Ray took away from me and my friends, and one he does not deserve, not today, and not until the day he dies.

December 13, 2022

Judge Lewis Liman
Daniel Patrick Moynihan
United States Courthouse
500 Pearl St.
New York, NY 10007-1312

Re: *United States v. Lawrence Ray 20-cr-110*

Dear Judge Liman,

You heard from me and members of my family at the trial of Lawrence Ray earlier this year. I am writing you now to share the lasting impact Larry has unfortunately made on my life.

1. *The Loss of My Medical Career*

As a young girl, I dreamed of making the world a better place and helping people. I went on to earn an undergraduate degree from Harvard College, a medical degree from Columbia University, and began my residency in Los Angeles. Today, I do not work in medicine, and it's very possible that I may never be a doctor. Seeing doctors, nurses, hospitals, doctor's offices, and ambulances, serve as a painful reminder that because of Larry, I do not wake up in the morning to work at a hospital, or go into an office to see patients.

In September 2012, I was two weeks from completing my last exam. *Two weeks*. At this critical moment, I had fallen victim to Larry. For months, Larry had been manipulating me to the point that he controlled my life. I reached a breaking point when Larry made me paranoid, unable to sleep, and fearful for my life. Convinced that only Larry could keep me safe, I left my residency in Los Angeles and went to be with him in New York. Soon after, I was fired from my residency program. As you saw throughout the trial, in the ensuing years, I lived under Larry's complete control in circumstances that made it impossible to get reinstated to my residency program. Larry was acutely aware of how important it was to me to become a practicing physician. He used this to ridicule, threaten, and shame me. I consoled myself by wearing scrubs from medical school around the house to remember what it felt like to pursue my dreams.

Since Larry's arrest, I have tried to get my medical career back on track, but I'm continually met with road blocks: it's been too long, my loans are in default, my credit is shot, the abuse I suffered has become public, and potential employers consider me a liability. The onset of the pandemic in 2020 was particularly difficult. The strain on our health care system felt personally painful. I knew that I *could* help... but I couldn't, because of what Larry has done to me. My ability to fully contribute to society and to find meaning as a doctor was taken away because of Larry's actions. That pain will never leave me. However, I was still determined to do something, so I volunteered in the morgue where I worked in refrigerated trailers helping COVID victims' remains reach their final resting place.

2. *Abuse that Haunts Me*

Larry physically, emotionally, and sexually abused me. Larry hurt my self-esteem, my confidence, my connection to myself, my sexuality, and my femininity. He made me feel

inadequate and unlovable. I attempted suicide after Larry entered my life, and if it weren't for his arrest, I don't know what other horrible things would have happened to me, or where I would be right now. At the trial, you heard a tiny sliver of the abuse that I suffered. I live with memories of this abuse every day, when doing even the most unremarkable daily activities:

- Every time I look at myself in the mirror, wash my face, brush my teeth, put make up on, I see the scar Larry left on my upper lip. He had kicked my laptop into my face because he said I was talking too much. Afterwards, he forced me to slather the scar with Neosporin to make it disappear, and when it didn't go away, he said I would always be ugly to him because of this scar. He got worse afterwards, beating my face so hard I would have to lay down for a week with ice on my face for the bruises to go down.
- Using a public restroom can hurl me back into the nightmare I used to live in. When driving with Larry, at rest stops, he would kick me out of the car and lock me out until I found a trucker to have sex with me. It was horrifying then, and horrifying now. I still feel disgusted with this part of my past, wishing it had never happened.
- Every time I look at a trash can I hear Larry's voice yelling at me. He constantly accused me of throwing things out. It got to the point where he would have me dump out all the garbage on the driveway, often in the summer heat, and sift through it to find the things I had allegedly thrown away, the stench of rotting food and refuse nauseating. Today I ask for help throwing out the garbage where I live because it's so traumatic for me.

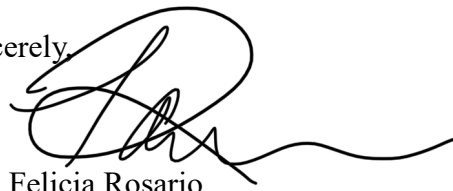
These memories, and many more, are so difficult that they can be debilitating. Extensive therapy has helped me process what I've been through and re-learn how to be a human being.

3. Relationships with Loved Ones

My relationships with friends and family mean the world to me. Before I met Larry, I strove to be a good daughter, a good sister, a good niece, a good cousin, a good friend, and a good member of the various communities that I considered myself a part of. Coming together and having good relationships was a large part of my identity. He methodically and maniacally isolated me from anyone who loved me and I loved. He robbed me of a decade of relationships. I missed my grandparents' funerals. I missed my mom's surgery. I missed my best friend's wedding where she asked me to be the Maid of Honor. I missed birthdays, weddings, and dinners catching up with friends. In fact, I had no friends at all. But what I missed, most of all, were my siblings, who themselves were suffering.

Because of Larry, I have lost time, opportunities and relationships. There was so much I could have done that I will never be able to accomplish. I try not to ruminate on the loss, and instead, I take pride in having survived and managed to live to see this day. I still dream of making the world a better place and helping people. Thank you for considering my story.

Sincerely,

A handwritten signature in black ink, appearing to read 'Felicia Rosario', with a long horizontal flourish extending to the right.

Felicia Rosario

VICTIM IMPACT STATEMENT

By: Santos Junior Rosario

Re: USA v. Ray 1:20-cr-00110-LJL; Lawrence Ray Sentencing

In 2010 I was 19 years old and a sophomore in college. I was doing well in my classes. I had friends. My oldest sister was in medical school and my other sister was in college as well. I was happy. It was an exciting time and it felt like me and my family's future was bright and hopeful. Then I met Larry Ray and all of that went up in smoke. Instead, the next decade was one of absolute misery.

My family was ripped apart - Larry made us believe there was something deeply wrong with us. I saw my brilliant sister Felicia reduced to a shell of her former self, my sister Yalitza committed to a state institution, and my mother and father weep for years in confusion and helplessness. He used me as a tool to drain the little money my family had.

I lost all of my friendships - I burned every relationship I ever had at his behest. Acquaintances, friends, cousins - he systematically cut me off from everyone I ever cared about.

He drove me to attempt suicide more than once and by certain point I was contemplating it daily.

I lost my education from one of the top colleges in the country. He engineered my exit from college and actively worked to prevent my return.

He physically abused, degraded, humiliated, and blackmailed me to cement his control.

He took away everything that made me me - my family, my friends, my education, my dignity, my pride, my hopes and my dreams.

By the middle of 2012 I had lost my sense of self. I got to the point where I could not distinguish fact from fiction - I lost trust in my own thoughts, my own memories, and my own desires and intentions.

He put me in a pit of self hatred and self loathing - he had me falsely believing that I hurt my friends and family, that I was the lowest of the low. I became convinced that I was unsafe to be around. I was homeless for months, unable to conceive of a future for myself, waiting to eventually kill myself because that's all I believed I deserved.

He took 10 years of my life away from me , permanently changing my life for the worse. I have perpetual anxiety these days and I'm constantly expecting the worst. I have trouble remembering things in general. I find it difficult to connect with others as its hard to relate and even harder to trust. Getting therapy is difficult as I find it similar to my time under Larry's control.

Writing these few lines for this statement took me weeks. Revisiting all of the ways my family and I suffered was stressful and traumatic. And despite my efforts, I don't think I can fully convey how this man's crimes derailed my life. All I know is that I wish I had never met him.

Thank you for your time.

Kramer Levin



December 16, 2022

By Email

Special Agent Kelly Maguire
Assistant United States Attorney
Southern District of New York
One Saint Andrew's Plaza
New York, New York 10007

Re: United States v. Lawrence Ray, et al., 1:20-CR-110 (LJL)
Yalitza Rosario Victim Impact Statement

When I think of my time under Larry, the moments that stand out to me are the following: how he broke those sacred bonds between me and my family; how he made me believe I was a damaged person undeserving of love and community; and how, because of him, I believed myself to be a criminal that will never know peace. Larry destroyed life as I knew it and made it into a living Hell. He haunted me even after I ceased contact. The absence of abuse was like an axe dangling over my head.

Over the years, the trauma has weighed heavily on both my mind and my body, with his cruelty festering inside of me. I struggled to reestablish mental and emotional stability. I was unable to remain gainfully employed. And my physical health suffered; I developed an eating disorder and became morbidly obese. I used food to cope; first, with the extreme stress of having Larry in my life and, then, with the minefield he made of my mind.

He alienated me from my loved ones, from myself, from God, and from life itself. Increasingly, I did not want to exist in a world defined by Larry, in a world occupied by him. He made living so painful. Every moment felt heavy with torment. It felt as if I owed him the very air I breathed. My life had value as long as he associated with me. I felt I needed his attention, no matter how minimal or toxic; for without it, I would end up alone and a reject, forever.

Yet, retaining his attention meant destroying myself. He chipped away at my identity and dismantled the entirety of my selfhood. Ultimately, I rationalized this abuse as a way of testing my dedication to self-improvement. Larry had presented himself as the key to truth, love, and happiness. And I wanted all of those things. I needed all of those things. Larry claimed to be my mentor, my guide to navigating these choppy waters. But, in truth, he was a predator masquerading as a hero.

When everything I sacrificed proved insufficient, I tried to end my own life. This was a cycle I went through multiple times in Larry's orbit. I gave up parts of myself. I wanted to die.

Kramer Levin



He hooked me back with guilt, shame, and threats. I tried to prove myself worthy of love by lying. He had me give so-called confessions of my criminality and deceit. “Maybe this will make him love me again.... Maybe it would be enough this time.... Maybe I still have a chance to be happy.” Yet, with every meeting, call, glance, stare, and cold silence, he destroyed any hope I had for a future. What’s worse, I had already “confessed”; retracting those would only make my words - make me - truly worthless. And so, I wanted to die. Rinse and repeat.

Eventually, I could not take it anymore. Every single second I spent around him, listening to his voice, being in his presence, depleted me. And so, I got away. But even then, he lived in my mind, reigning with fear. His voice overpowered my own. Through him, my own mind mocked me, snuffing out all glimmers of self-esteem and undermining any efforts to build up confidence. I was unable to say his name out loud for years. I was terrified of speaking my truth, thinking no one would listen or believe me. I felt I could get arrested at any given moment and that I was doomed to rot behind bars. I lived in the shadows, trying to make myself invisible. I avoided talking about myself and was thus unable to form authentic connections. I internalized the label he shackled me with: “sociopath.” How could anyone ever love me, the liar?

Only after years of therapy have I been able to speak his name, share my truth, and build self-mastery. I am eternally grateful for the spotlight placed on this nightmare. Thank you to the FBI and the Department of Justice, for believing the victims. Thank you for your fierce dedication to truth. For that is why I am living. Despite you, Larry, I am.

Respectfully submitted,

A handwritten signature in black ink, appearing to read 'Yalitza', with a long, horizontal, wavy line extending to the right.

Yalitza Rosario